

The Saturday Evening Post

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SYMPATHY.

Farthest of sympathy! whose heart can lighten
The darkness of grief and hush the deep sigh—
Whose smile can cheer the gloom of despondency,
And wipe the sad and weary soldier's eye?

To thee! yes, to thee! will the human appeal,
That truthfully has been the trumpet of sorrow;
For while in the shrine of affection we kneel,
How joyous the heart that in sympathy may borrow.

While we sit, gaily and with uncertainty idle,
And dream of the future, and of the future's fate,
Then still we are present, a collective people,
And ponder the path which our footsteps have made.

'Tis in the mild hours of the heart's distress,
When we are alone, and the heart is sore;
For when the heart is sore, it is the heart's distress,
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And take away your shining stars,
If I must use it secretly,
My heart is worth a world of care,
I'd not exchange it for a star.

Take, take away the very smile,
If it is not given sincerely;
No dimple shall this heart beguile,
From her I have supernely.

'Tis this a heart like thine to please,
'Tis joy to see thee cheerily;
To smile beneath the summer trees,
And name together silently.

And ah! may heaven for thy dear sake,
Remove our parting distance;
Grant we may long these joys partake,
That I give you so abundantly.

Ah, grant us that!—make us to win,
On these we have dependently;
Let, let us never break her eyes,
Let sorrow vanish instantly.

THE MORALIST.

TIME.

"On fickle wings the moments haste,
And fortune's favors never last."

What is that which softens the sorrow
Of so many inhabitants of this earth, and
cloys the pleasures of others, and makes
them insipid to their taste?—which comes
upon us, burthened with the fates of men,
and passes by to the judgment throne of
heaven, loaded with their virtues or their
crimes? It is Time; which moves steadily
and swiftly onward, and bears with it all
that ever has been. Its power exceeds
that of the greatest monarch of the earth;
for what is there it cannot do, or where is
that which can withstand its power? The
loftiest and firmest temple ever reared by
the hand of man, crumbles to dust as it
approaches it, and the fairest flower that
ever shed fragrance in the air, hangs its
head and withers at its touch.

It is impossible for man to comprehend
it, for when he attempts to reason on its
beginning or its end, he finds that his men-
tal faculties are unable to grasp it, and he
loses himself in the dark mystery that en-
shrouds it, until he is glad to turn the sub-
ject from his thoughts, and rest them up-
on the more common events of the present
or the past.

It has been the remark of the most learn-
ed of men, that time is but an island in the
vast and boundless ocean of eternity. An
idea of this kind may be indulged, when it
is read in the pages of a poem—for poetry
is mostly a fiction; but I am astonished
that it should ever be seen on the records
of truth—that it should be set down among
the various pieces of information contained
in a Philosophical Treatise. Man cannot
yet conceive of time; why then should he
meddle with eternity? The inhabitants of
the earth may sink into the tomb, and
change again into the dust from which they
sprang—the earth, that now moves
so regularly in its orbit, may go—we know
not where—and creation itself may cease
to be—but time will never have an end.—
It rolls along, like a mighty wave, with a
steady and unceasing motion. It turns
aside for nothing—it pauses for nothing;
but seizes upon every thing it overtakes,
and they are lost in the deep and impen-
etrable darkness which no mortal eye can
pierce.

Of what avail is it then, that man, feeble
man, should labour so hard for that wealth
or glory, the one of which, a few years
may deprive him of, and the other, in a
little while, he may cease to feel.

'Tis says a very celebrated and beautiful
writer, "such thoughts were always pre-
dominant, we should see the absurdity of
stretching out our arms to grasp that which
we cannot keep, or of wearing out our
lives in endeavouring to add new turrets
to the fabric of ambition, when the foun-
dation itself is shaking, and the ground on
which it stands is mouldering away."

It is a melancholy reflection, when we
see the vast crowd of human beings mov-
ing in all the beauty of life, that the great
Subduer of all things will soon erase them
from the list of living beings, and overwhelm
them in their glory, in one mighty and in-
distinct heap of destruction. The great
and the obscure, the rich man and the pau-
per, will all feel the dreadful influence of
his hand—they will fall silently into decay
and be thought of no more. A great man
is like a wave of the ocean, which for a lit-
tle time raises itself above the surface, but
soon sinks again to give place to another,
and is lost amid the tumultuous waters by
which it is surrounded.

There are many who, in the beginning
of life, heed not the moments, as they pass
swiftly by them, and who are willing to
spend them in idleness and pleasure.—
They forget how precious would be those
minutes to the sinking mariner, when the
dark waters seem closing forever over his
head.

Those who have experienced a feeling
of this kind, know there is much impor-
tance even in a single minute.

COLLECTANEA.

NAVAL ANOMALIES.

[The following amusing remarks on this sub-
ject, were extracted from the Nantucket Inquirer.
A writer in the Monthly Anthology, made a
similar collection, but it does not affect the original-
ity of Mr. Jenks' queer notions.]

How comes it that such gross chronological
blunders are admitted into our naval vocabulary?

We hear of the *Alexander* arrived at Boston—
a place not known within 2000 years of Alexander's
time; and of the *Delphos* in Hazard's bay, or
of the *Chopra* of 400 tons burthen, bilged near
Tuckernuck. Why are vessels of the feminine
gender? We read of the King George having
lost her bowsprit—the Queen Charlotte sprang a
leak—the John Adams stove her hull—
and the Lady Adams dived her bottom—the Ja-

pter fringed with the Gulf of Mexico—and the
Empress of the beam ends.

The geographical, astronomical and political
blunders are all more gross. The United States
has put into Holmes Hole—the North America
bound round Cape Horn—the Chesapeake clear-
ed out for London—the Massachusetts blown off
the coast—the Mediterranean high and dry on
Cape Cod—the Atlantic condemned as unseawor-
thy—the Venetian captured in the North Sea—the
Free Ocean plundered by pirates—the Equator
in lat. 69° N.—The Globe burnt at sea—the
Zenith seized for a breach of revenue laws—the
Zodiac in quarantine—the Constellation under
jury mast—the North Star shipped a sea on the
line—and the Constitution undergoing repairs!

A few general cases, and we have done. We
find the Eagle sailing for the coast of Guinea—
the *Adios* waiting for a wind—the Dolphin tak-
ing whales off Brazil—the *Leopard* run down by
the Flying Fish—Phoenix sunk in ten fathoms wa-
ter—the *Coronopsis* short of provisions—the in-
vincible taken by a Dutch galliot—the *Salus* with
the small pox on board—the *Adamant* rotting at
the wharf—the *Golden Age* sold for the benefit
of the underwriters—the *Howard* with a cargo of
Slaves—the *Palmer* in want of a pilot—not for-
getting the *Whore*—a thought—it running foul
of the *Catch-me-if-you-can*!

CHOCTAW WITCHES.

Rev. Mr. Morley writes from Mayhew to the
editor of the Postscript Spectator, that the prac-
tice of murdering helpless women upon their be-
ing accused of witchcraft, prevails among the
Choctaws. Lately one of these poor creatures,
learning that she had been accused, hid herself
among the cane brakes, where her pursuers at
length found her, and beat her until she was dead.

Another woman, having no knowledge of her
danger was found by those who had come to take
her life, asleep with her small children. She en-
treated them to spare her life and assured them
she had injured no one, but all in vain—they put
her immediately to death. The missionaries one
day found an old woman concealed in a barrel in
the chamber for fear of being murdered for witch-
craft. The author of these crimes is an old
Choctaw Doctor, who tells those who apply to
him for aid, that such a one, naming somebody
who has displeased him, has bewitched them,
and that the witch must be killed before he can
cure them. The murder of the accused is almost
certain to follow.

An address, selected from a Dictionary, by a great
Linguist. Soon after the accession of Charles
the 2d, he gave audience to an Envoy from the
Emperor of Morocco. The Envoy's great talent
was learning languages, and having by grammars
and dictionaries acquired a competent knowledge of
English, he wrote an address to the British Mon-
arch, which begins as follows:

"May you long enjoy your present speculation
situation, and as a tree was once your royal soul,
may a tree be always ready for your Majesty.—
May you and your counsellors hang together, and
may you never want any good thing which can
be laid hold of. May all your subjects fall
down before you. May your progeny be numerous
as the stars, and may the God of our fathers
pick up your Majesty until the end of time."

Finding that to preserve was to pickle, this
great linguist thought to pickle must be to pre-
serve.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS,
OR, ADA DIRLETON.

A TALE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY.

"There's a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will." *Hamlet*, Act 4.

In the reign of Alfred of England, a part of
Northumberland was granted by that monarch,
in one of the predatory incursions frequent in
that early period, to Athelstane, a Danish Chief-
tain, and who visited a village, which, in conse-
quence of that event, bears still the name of
Athelstane. That village was the scene of
events which I have converted to my purpose
in the formation of the following tale—events
which have been noticed by Buchanan, and va-
rious other historians.

Having premised thus much, I will now intro-
duce my readers into the snug apartment, where,
on a piercing cold evening in January, before a
cheerful turf-fire, sat Nicol Dumfrieclaw, with his
"gude wife," reaping all the benefits that could
be derived from a good pot of home-brewed ale,
or rather a pot of good home-brewed ale, and a
savory dish of collops, piping hot, from the
well-cleaned kettle of that good housewife, Mrs.
Jennie Dumfrieclaw. There is something so very
peculiar in the fire-side of a Scotch farmer, for
such was the adored Nicol, that you find it im-
possible to view the ruddy faces of himself and
family without participating in the content, and
enjoyment of which their countenances bespeak.
If ever a painter wanted a subject to delineate
content, he need have gone no further than the
cottage of Dumfrieclaw to have found one. But,
as there is no situation in life free from its per-
plexities, so there is no individual, however con-
tented, but what may be liable, in their voyage
through life, to meet with circumstances calcu-
lated to ruffle the smoothness of its ocean; and
poor Nicol Dumfrieclaw was doomed to meet
with one, that rendered even his smiling counte-
nance serious, and changed the "sonic" face
of his gude lady to a visage of alarm. This
change was effected by a sudden entrance of
her girl Pattie, who declared, "by the guide
St. Catharine, that the folk had a' gane daft, an'
were running about, out o' their houses, to see
the wonder in the heavens above." "An' what
dame," that lath mad' ye come in upo' us while
tak' a wee bit o' supper by ourselves?" "An'
it were because," returned Pattie, "that I wad
nae along wi' them. I hae no desire to hae my
wif' frightened out o' me wif' looking upo' a gal-
lunzie!" "The sky," "Gude Laird be wi' us,"
cried Nicol, who now contrived to edge in a
word, "who kens what may happen? But bide
a wee bit, gude wife, an' I will gang mysel' and
see this gal-lunzie." "Stop, gude man," cried
the dame, "an' I will gie ye a bit o' the rope
that wild Jarvie was hung wi'—twill keep the
warlocks frae ye." "It is nae matter, dame—it's
nae matter; ye shall hear a' about the wonder." So
saying, the farmer went away, leaving Pattie
and the dame, to make their comments upon this
extraordinary event, while he went to see if the
fact was actually in case.

"An' ye were a fool, Pattie Macpherson," said
the dame, as her husband closed the door, "ye
were a great fool, not to gang wi' the folk to see
the warlock." "Hoot, hoot dame; it was nae
maist a warlock than I, whilk wif' God's ban, I be
not; but Saunders Wylie says it's St. Andrew's
Cross in the sky." "He's a fool, Pattie," said
the dame; "I wad nae believe any thing o' the
kind, an' hold your tongue, for here is my gude
man back again," and she concluded, in order
to bear the intelligence which the return of her
husband promised. The old man seated himself
in his arm chair, and after having "thrice up and
down shook his noddle," relieved the dame's
curiosity by saying, "Sic a wonder, gude wife,
my twa een hae never looked upo' before!—'tis
the cross o' bonnie St. Andrew sure enow; and
it bodes nae good! It is said that king Alfred
has given land and houses to a dame, who will
come here; an' there will nae doubt be sair do-
ings wi' him; an' there will be fighting and blood-
shed; an' the king o' the Picts is to be married
to the Laird's daughter if he will deerce the Dane
frae the land when he comes." "Gude Heaven
save us," ejaculated the dame, "it is a sair pity
when our folk canna' hie in peace, without see-
ing our brethren an' bairns murdered before our
een."

The little cottage of Dumfrieclaw, now became
the habitation of alarm, rather than content, and
the family went to rest, for the first time, with
hearts ill at ease.

Dirleton, the Laird of the Manor, was the father
of an only child, a beautiful girl of eighteen.—
In her early youth, her father had taken a boy
from Dumfrieclaw, whom he adopted as a com-
panion for his Ada, and who was but a few years
senior. The parents of this boy he could
never discover, and in addition to the name of
Malcolm, which he bore, he gave him that of
Dunbar. He was to Ada as a brother—noble,
generous and humane; and as the young Mal-
colm grew up in beauty to manhood, so did

